



ONE DAY, DURING THE WAR

ALL NEW!
60¢

NO. 13
SEPT.



ALL-STAR SQUADRON



JOE KUBERT



THE PLACE: THE
WORLD-FAMOUS
SMITHSONIAN
INSTITUTION, IN
THE HEART OF
WASHINGTON, D.C.

I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D BE CHAIRING
ANOTHER MEETING OF
ANY KIND FOR THE
DURATION--BUT
HERE GOES!

THE CAST: THE MIGHTIEST COSTUMED HEROES OF A WORLD WE HAVE COME TO
KNOW AS EARTH-TWO, MANY OF WHOM WERE UNTIL RECENTLY MEMBERS
OF THE LEGENDARY BUT NOW DISBANDED JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA, AND
WHO HAVE NOW BANDED TOGETHER WITH A DIFFERENT NAME AND PURPOSE.

THE TIME:

ONE DAY DURING THE WAR...

I, HAWKMAN,
HEREBY CALL TO
ORDER THE FIRST
OFFICIAL MEETING
OF THE

**★ STAR
SQUADRON**

The most
OFFBEAT
adventure yet
of dynamic DC's
super-team
recreation!

SEE, HAWK?
I TOLD YOU--
IT'S JUST LIKE
RIDING A
BICYCLE.

IT ALL COMES
BACK TO YOU!

CHECK--
ATOM--
INCLUDING THE FACT
THAT YOU'RE
OUT OF ORDER!

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SURELY, MR. CHAIRMAN, IF MY LIEGE KING ARTHUR COULD DISPENSE WITH SUCH FORMALITIES, OUR SQUADRON SHOULD BE ABLE TO--

AH, SIR JUSTIN-- CAN'T YOU TELL WHEN THE HAWK'S JUST RIBBIN' THE LITTLE GUY?

SAYS MR. THIN-SKIN HIMSELF.

BESIDES, I'M ONLY TEMPORARY CHAIRMAN-- TILL WE NINE ELECT A REGULAR ONE.

THAT'S GOTTA BE YOU, OL' BUDDY!

AFTER ALL, YOU WERE CHAIRMAN OF THE JSA WHEN IT DISBANDED LAST MONTH.*

SORRY, BUT I'VE GOT TO *DECLINE!* I'LL BE A MEMBER, OF COURSE...

BUT I'M STILL IN THE ARMY AIR FORCE, AND I'VE GOT TO SCOOT BACK TO FRISCO SOON IF I DON'T WANT TO BE DECLARED AWOL.

*ISSUE #5...Lem.



I DON'T SUPPOSE THIS IS THE BEST TIME TO SUGGEST MAYBE IT'D HAVE BEEN SMARTER IF YOU JSA BOYS HADN'T ALL JOINED THE SERVICE!?

NOT REALLY, SHIERA.

BESIDES, THE SPECTRE DIDN'T SIGN UP--OR SUPERMAN, THE BATMAN, OR THE FLASH.

RIGHT! AND WHAT ABOUT THIS WONDER WOMAN, WHO'S NOT A JSA-ER, BUT WHO'S ACCEPTED MEMBERSHIP IN THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON?

WE DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT HER TO SAY WHAT SHE DOES IN HER "SPARE TIME!"

I HAVE MET WITH SOME OF MY EARLIER COMRADES, AS WELL, MR. CHAIRMAN--THOSE WHO HAVE SHARED ADVENTURES WITH ME AS THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY.

THE GREEN ARROW AND HIS YOUNG WARD SPEEDY--THE VIGILANTE--THE CRIMSON AVENGER--THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND HIS AIDE STRIPES--NONE OF THESE HAVE YET DONNED MILITARY GARB.

THEY HAVE ASKED ME TO TELL YOU THEY STAND READY TO SERVE IN THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON, IF CALLED--

--EITHER SEPARATELY, OR AS A GROUP.

GREAT! AND THAT'S JUST THE TIP OF THE MASKED-HERO ICEBERG, SIR JUSTIN!

I'VE MADE A LIST OF OTHERS WHO'VE BELONGED TO NO PREVIOUS GROUP--LIKE MR. TERRIFIC AND THE WILDCAT, FOR INSTANCE...

... AS WELL AS AIR WAVE, OR THE EXPLOSIVE TNT AND HIS KID PARTNER DYNA-MITE...

... THE DIMINUTIVE DOLL MAN... THE BEWIGGED MR. AMERICA ...THE BLUE-MASKED MANHUNTER.

NOR OF COURSE CAN WE FORGET PLASTIC MAN, WHO AS AN FBI OFFICER HAS ALREADY BEEN NAMED OUR WHITE HOUSE LIAISON.

THERE ARE A NUMBER OF OTHER POSSIBILITIES, AS WELL...



WITHIN MOMENTS, THERE ARE SEVERAL
NOMINEES: THE SHINING KNIGHT...
ROBOTHAN... AND LIBERTY BELLE:

SIR JUSTIN,
WILL YOU
COLLECT THE
SECRET BALLOTS,
PLEASE?

WHY DID YOU
DISQUALIFY YOUR-
SELF, HANK?

I'VE BEEN
OUT OF
TOUCH FOR
TWO YEARS,
DANETTE,
REMEMBER?

YOU MAY DROP YOUR
CHOICES INTO MY
HELMET, ALL-STARS.

IT SERVED
SIMILARLY, ONCE,
FOR AN EARLIER
ASSEMBLAGE OF HEROES--
THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.



I'M PLEASED TO SAY
THE WINNER--BY A
CLEAR MAJORITY--
IS LIBERTY BELLE!



MAKES
SENSE!

AFTER ALL,
AS LIBBY
LAWRENCE,
SHE'S AT
LEAST AS
WELL KNOWN
AS ANY OF
US, RIGHT?

I--I THANK YOU ALL
AND I KNOW MY CRE-
DENTIALS AS A RADIO
NEWSCASTER AND A
COLUMNIST WERE IN
MY FAVOR...

BUT, DESPITE THE ADRENAL
RUSH I GET SOMETIMES,
AND STILL DON'T QUITE UNDER-
STAND--I DON'T HAVE ANY
SPECIAL POWERS THAT--

DO YOU THINK I
DO, BELLE, WITHOUT
MY WINGS AND BELT
OF NINTH METAL?



YOU KNOW LEADERS NEED
MIND, BELLE, NOT JUST MUSCLE.



IT WAS
YOU WHO
TOOK OUT A
DERANGED
GREEN
LANTERN
WITH A PIECE
OF WOOD,
REMEMBER?



AND I
SAW YOU
DEFEAT
THE FAKE
KUKULCAN
IN MEXICO
CITY--

--DESPITE
HIS STRENGTH-
GIVING EXO-
SKELETON.

NOR CAN I
FORGET HOW
YOU DID BRAVE
ICY WATERS
AGAINST A
NAZI U-BOAT!



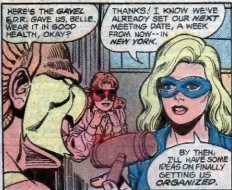
NO ONE
SPOKE THEN
OF NEEDING
SPECIAL
POWERS.



I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, ALL-STAR...

ANOTHER FIRST FROM THE MOST-WIDELY-READ LADY COLUMNIST THIS SIDE OF ELEANOR ROOSEVELT!

...EXCEPT THANK YOU, AND I'LL DO MY BEST.



HERE'S THE GAVEL, D.R. GAVE US, BELLE. WEAR IT IN GOOD HEALTH, OKAY?

THANKS! I KNOW WE'VE ALREADY SET OUR NEXT MEETING DATE, A WEEK FROM NOW--IN NEW YORK.

BY THEN, I'LL HAVE SOME IDEAS ON FINALLY GETTING US ORGANIZED.



MAY I SAY SOMETHING, MADAME CHAIRMAN?

OF COURSE, SIR JUSTIN.

MAYHAP I SHOULD HAVE SPOKEN UP EARLIER, BUT WHEN NEXT THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON MEETS-- I SHALL NOT BE THERE!

HUH? BUT YOU JUST SAID--



THOUGH I HAVE DWELT IN AMERICA SINCE I AWOKE LAST YEAR FROM MY CENTURIES-LONG SLEEP, I AM TRULY A SCION OF BRITAIN.

THUS, I HAVE ACCEPTED PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL'S INVITATION TO RETURN TO LONDON WITH HIM, AS HIS PERSONAL PROTECTOR--

--AND, I BLUSH TO REPEAT HIS ELOQUENT PHRASE, "AS A LIVING INCARNATION OF GREAT BRITAIN'S ILLUSTRIOUS TRADITIONS."



I SUPPOSE A BRITON IS A BRITON--EVEN AFTER A MILLENNIUM AND A HALF.

WE'LL MISS YOU, SIR JUSTIN--BUT YOU'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING.

JUST WATCH YOURSELF, FRIEND.

REMEMBER, HITLER'S SPEAR OF DESTINY COULD TURN YOU INTO A FIGHTER FOR THE AXIS, IF YOU VENTURE INTO NAZI TERRITORY.



A SITUATION WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT, ONE OF THESE DAYS!

BUT FOR NOW--WE STAND ADJOURNED!

BANG!



AFTER ALL, WE ALL HAVE PRIVATE MATTERS TO ATTEND TO--DON'T WE, FIREBRAND?

DO WE EVER!

SOON AFTERWARD A
USAAF CARGO PLANE
CLIMBS SKYWARD FROM
THE NATION'S BUSTLING
CAPITAL....

JUST LIKE THE
"OLD TIMES" OF
A WHOLE MONTH
AGO, EH, HAWK--
YOU AND ME
CO-PILOTING A
PLANE BOUND FOR
SAN FRANCISCO?

BUT WHAT A
MONTH! PEARL HARBOR...
WAR WITH THE AXIS
POWERS...THE FALL OF
SO MANY OF OUR BASES
IN THE PACIFIC... THE
PHILIPPINES UNDER
ATTACK....

GENERAL
MACARTHUR'LL
HOLD OUT,
BRANDY--WAIT
AND SEE!

I HOPE SO,
JOHNNY-- BUT
YOU KNOW THE
GOVERNMENT'S
ALL BUT WRITTEN
OFF THE
PHILIPPINES FOR
THE PRESENT.

NO WAY TO
GET ENOUGH
REINFORCE-
MENTS THERE,
AFTER OUR
LOSSES AT PEARL.

I WISH WE
COULD DO
SOMETHING...

...BUT WE'VE HAD OUR OWN
HANDS FULL, BETWEEN BARON
BLITZKRIEG AND MY OLD
ENEMY DR. NASTOR.

WELL, AT LEAST THE
ARCADIA CONFERENCE
ENDED WITH AMERICA AND
BRITAIN AGREEING ON
STRATEGY.

WE PROBABLY ALL NEED A FEW
DAYS OFF, LOATH THOUGH WE
MAY BE TO TAKE THEM.

FIREBRAND, I GUESS
YOU'RE THE ONE MOST
ANXIOUS FOR US TO
ARRIVE IN FRISCO--
AND WITH GOOD REASON.

MY BROTHER ROD, YOU
MEAN. YES, I HAVEN'T SEEN
HIM SINCE THE DAY AFTER
THE HAWAII ATTACK.

GOD, I
PRAY HE'S
ALL RIGHT.

I KEEP
THINKING OF
HIM--CUT DOWN
BY THAT
DANNED
ZERO,
AND--

BRANDY! WHAT THE DEVIL--?

IT'S THE JAPS! I--I
CAN'T HELP IT! EVERY
TIME I THINK OF THEM,
I'M FILLED WITH SUCH
HATRED--FOR WHAT
THEY DID TO ROD--AND
SO MANY OTHERS--!

WHOA, GIRL!
YOU'RE
REALLY
BURNING--

--AND YOU'RE
LIABLE TO
TAKE US
WITH YOU!

MY FATHER WAS
KILLED BY A
NAZI BOMB,
DANETTE--BUT I
DON'T HATE ALL
GERMANS BECAUSE
OF THAT.

I COULDN'T
--AND GO ON
BEING
SANE.

I DO HATE
ALL JAPS--
AND NOTHING
CAN CHANGE
THAT! NOTHING!

TIME PASSES SLOWLY... THE SILENCES ARE HEAVY, LADEN.

NOR CAN ANY PERSON WHO HAS NOT STOOD IN DANETTE REILLY'S SHOES TRULY UNDERSTAND OR PASS JUDGMENT ON HER NEED TO HATE... THE SHEER RELEASE THAT COMES WITH UNBELIEVED UNREASONING LOATHINGS.

LONG HOURS LATER, THE DARING AIRCRAFT APPROACHES SAN FRANCISCO, WHERE THE WOUNDED FROM PEARL HARBOR HAVE BEEN RETURNED, A SHIPLOAD AT A TIME, OVER THE PAST FEW WEEKS.

AT LAST, THE SILENCE IS BROKEN...

WELL, HERE'S WHERE WE GET OFF, CARTER.

YOU SURE YOU AND BRANDY CAN HANDLE IT FROM HERE, BELLE?

WE'LL GET BY!

BE SEEING YOU, HAWKS!

"I'LL BE SEEING YOU!"

THE POPULAR WARTIME SONG OF THAT TITLE HAS NOT YET BEEN WRITTEN... BUT ALREADY SUCH WORDS CARRY AN EERIE CONNOTATION FOR FRIENDS AND LOVERS SEPARATED BY A WORLD WAR THAT FEW MEN REALLY WANTED.

CARTER HALL AND SHERA SANDERS KNOW THAT ONLY A DAY FROM NOW, HE MUST REPORT BACK TO BASE...

...AND SHE MUST GO HER OWN WAY, UNTIL HE RETURNS.

IF HE RETURNS.

BUT SUCH SOMBRE THOUGHTS MUST HOVER...

...UNSPOKEN...

ON THE WINGS OF A BRIGHT NEW DAWN.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS THEY HAVE, AT A MANSION RECEIVED BY SHIERA AS PART OF HER RECENT INHERITANCE...



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS... NO MORE.



TIME ENOUGH, HOWEVER, FOR LIFE...



TIME ENOUGH... FOR LOVE.



AIN'T LOVE GRAND?

I WOULDN'T KNOW, JOHNNY. WE'VE GOT A WAR TO WIN. THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME JUST NOW.

YOU COULDN'T BE SAYING THAT BECAUSE THE SHINING KNIGHT'S SCOOTING OVER TO ENGLAND WITH MARMIE, COULD YOU?

I SEEM TO RECALL YOU TWO FOUND YOURSELVES UNDER THE MISTLETOE MORE THAN ONCE BACK AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

IT WAS... NICE, I'LL ADMIT...

...NICE TO IMAGINE THERE'S A KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR WHO CAN KEEP YOU FROM MARMIE.

BUT NOBODY CAN DO THAT, AND NOW THAT SIR JUSTIN'S OUT OF MY LIFE, MAYBE I'LL REMEMBER THAT FACT.

NOBODY'S GOING TO PROTECT ME -- JUST LIKE NOBODY COULD PROTECT MY BROTHER!

NOW LOOK--!

DON'T, JOHNNY-- PLEASE--!

DANETTE, SOMEDAY THIS TERRIBLE WAR WILL END-- AND WE MEAN TO WIN IT. MAKE NO MISTAKE.

BUT OUR REAL ENEMIES ARE THE FASCIST DICTATORS, NOT THE PEOPLE UNDER THEIR YOKE.

THE DAY WE FORGET THAT--

--THE WORLD'S REALLY IN TROUBLE!



WHEN THE SUN COMES UP IN CALIFORNIA, IT'S ALREADY RUSH HOUR IN NEW YORK CITY.

AND EVEN IN A
WORLD GONE
MAD WITH WAR,
THAT MEANS
THE SCREECHING
OF BRAKES...
THE SHOUTS OF
ILL-TEMPERED
DRIVERS... THE
HONKING OF
IMPATIENT MORNES.

HUH? WHO IN
BLAZES IS
THAT??

SABATINI BROS.
FURNITURE

WHOEVER
HE IS,
SOMEBODY'S
SURE MISSED A
FLAG THIS
MORNING!

THE NAME'S
COMMANDER
STEEL, FRIEND--
AND YOU CAN
COUNT ON HEARING
A LOT MORE OF
IT FROM NOW ON!

THE FLEET'S IN
DOROTHY WILLIAM
LA MOUR HOLDEN

BUT NOT TILL
I CHECK UP ON
MY OLD FRIEND
AND MENTOR,
DR. SILBERT
GILES!

WHEN I GOT
MYSELF CAPTURED
BY THE NAZIS, HE
WAS LYING IN A
HOSPITAL--

--BECAUSE HE'S SUCH A
PACIFIST; HE'D COLLAPSED WHEN
HE FIGURED OUT HIS INTENDED SON-
IN-LAW WAS A MASKED HERO--

--OR, IN
HIS WORDS,
A "DAMN
OVERZEALOUS
PATRIOTIC
FOOL!"

NOT THAT
IT WAS HARD
FOR HIM TO
GUESS MY SECRET,
SINCE HE AND
I CO-CREATED
THE BIO-RETARDANT
FORMULA THAT
SAVED MY
LIFE--

--AND THE STEEL
SKELETON THAT GIVES
ME ROUGHLY THE POWER
OF A TANK.

I SUPPOSE I COULD
HAVE FOUND OUT HOW
HE'S DOING THROUGH
THE PRESIDENT--

BUT I
PREFER
DOING
THINGS
FOR MYSELF.

WELL, THERE'S THE
BROWNSTONE WHERE
GLORIA GILES LIVES.

TWO YEARS AGO,
I PROMISED HER
FATHER I'D
NEVER SEE
HER AGAIN.

--BUT THAT
TURNED OUT
TO BE A
PROMISE I
CAN'T KEEP--

--NOT AFTER
ALL THAT'S
HAPPENED
TO ME.

THANKS,
MA'AM.
I, ER,
FORGOT
MY KEY.

HUH?
OH,
SURE.

NEW YORKERS ARE
THE SAME AS EVER,
I SEE--COSMOPOLITAN
AND INSULAR, AT
THE SAME TIME.

WELL,
HERE,
GOES...

I DIDN'T
EVEN HEAR
YOU BACK
THERE,
YOUNG MAN.



HOLD IT! THERE'S A DIFFERENT NAME ON THE DOOR. SHE MUST'VE MOVED, SO I'LL JUST--

TOO LATE! THE DOOR'S OPENING ALREADY.

I'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN WHAT A YANKEE DOODLE DANDY LIKE ME IS DOING LOOKING FOR--



GOOD LORD! IT'S GLORIA!

YES, MAY I--OH! WHO--?



I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOU, MISS GILES. WE'VE NEVER MET, BUT MY NAME IS, UM, COMMANDER STEEL, AND I WONDER IF I COULD TALK WITH YOU A MOMENT.

OF COURSE! I HEARD ABOUT YOUR... RETURN... IN THE JOURNAL-AMERICAN.

WOULD YOU COME IN?

THANK YOU.



I WON'T TAKE MUCH OF YOUR TIME, BUT I'M TRYING TO CONTACT YOUR FATHER, DR. GILBERT GILES, AND I THOUGHT --

DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG, MISS?

N--NO, IT--IT'S JUST--



MY FATHER... IS DEAD.

WHAT? I'M...VERY SORRY! I... DIDN'T KNOW...

HE DIED... NEARLY A YEAR AGO.



...AND, OH MY GOD--

--YOU KILLED HIM!

MUM?



YOU MURDERED HIM--AS SURELY AS IF YOU'D STRANGLED HIM WITH YOUR BARE HANDS!

HIS HEART ATTACK--IT WAS BROUGHT ON BY READING ABOUT YOU-- SOMEHOW-- AND NOW HE'S DEAD!

WAIT-- PLEASE--!

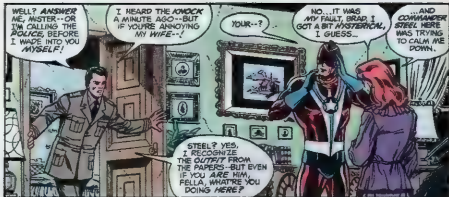
MURDERER! MURDERER!



NO USE! I WAS GOING TO DO THIS ANYWAY-- BUT MAYBE WHEN I TAKE OFF MY MASK, SHE'LL BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND.

IF I CAN'T TRUST THE WOMAN I LOVE, THEN WHO CAN I--?

WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOING HERE??



WELL? ANSWER ME, MISTER--OR I'M CALLING THE POLICE, BEFORE I WADE INTO YOU MYSELF!

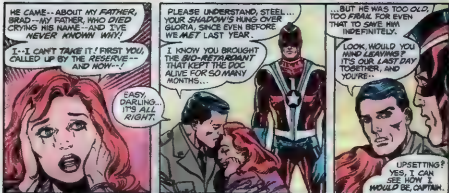
I HEARD THE KNOCK A MINUTE AGO--BUT IF YOU'RE ANNOYING MY WIFE--!

YOUR--?

NO...IT WAS MY FAULT, BRAD. I GOT A BIT MYSTERICAL, I GUESS...

...AND COMMANDER STEEL HERE WAS TRYING TO CALM ME DOWN.

STEEL? YES, I RECOGNIZE THE OUTFIT FROM THE PAPERS--BUT EVEN IF YOU ARE HIM, FELLA, WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?



HE CAME--ABOUT MY FATHER, BRAD--MY FATHER, WHO DIED CRYING HIS NAME--AND I'VE NEVER KNOWN WHY!

I--I CAN'T TAKE IT! FIRST YOU, CALLED UP BY THE RESERVE-- AND NOW--!

EASY, DARLING... IT'S ALL RIGHT.

PLEASE UNDERSTAND, STEEL... YOUR SHADOW'S HUNG OVER GLORIA, SINCE EVEN BEFORE WE MET LAST YEAR.

I KNOW YOU BROUGHT THE BIO-RETARDANT THAT KEPT THE DOC ALIVE FOR SO MANY MONTHS...

...BUT HE WAS TOO OLD, TOO FRAIL FOR EVEN THAT TO SAVE HIM INDEFINITELY.

LOOK, WOULD YOU MIND LEAVING? IT'S OUR LAST DAY TOGETHER, AND YOU'RE...

UPSETTING? YES, I CAN SEE HOW I WOULD BE, CAPTAIN.



I'LL GO, BUT FIRST I HAD...A MESSAGE FOR MISS GILES.

MRS. FARLEY NOW.

IT'S ABOUT HER FORMER FIANCEE, ARNOLD HEYWOOD, WHO DISAPPEARED SOON AFTER HER FATHER'S HEART ATTACK

HANK? I PRAY HE'S NOT--

I'M AFRAID... HE'S DEAD TOO!

THE GOVERNMENT SENT HIM ON A SECRET MISSION ABROAD...AND HE NEVER RETURNED.

Y-YOU'VE BROUGHT NOTHING BUT DEATH, SOMEHOW, TO THOSE I LOVED.

GET OUT--WHOEVER YOU ARE BEHIND THAT MASK--AND PLEASE, DON'T COME BACK!

DON'T WORRY, GLO--MRS. FARLEY...

YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN...!

AT ALMOST THE SAME MOMENT AS STEEL'S STUNNING DISCOVERY, THE ALL-STAR CALLED ROBOTAMAN APPROACHES A RELATIVELY QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD IN QUEENS.

AT LEAST IT USED TO BE QUIET, WHEN HE LABORED HERE AS DR. ROBERT CRANE, IN THE DAYS BEFORE ARMED CRIMINALS GUNNED HIM DOWN -- AND ONLY HIS HUMAN BRAIN SURVIVED, IN A SUPER-STRONG BODY OF COLD METAL.

GOOD GRAYV! I WASN'T EVEN RACING HERE-- JUST DOING FORTY OR SO--BUT I WISH I HAD.

FROM ALL THOSE HIGH-POWERED SPARKS, I'D SAY SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG INSIDE-- TERRIBLY WRONG!

NO, JEFFREY. THAT'S NOT THE TIN MAN OF OZ.

I DON'T THINK IT IS, ANYWAY.

SINCE BOB CRANE'S "DEATH," MY FORMER ASSISTANT CHUCK GRAYSON'S GONE ON WORKING THERE-- WITH ME DROPPING BY SECRETLY WHEN I CAN--

--BUT NO TIME FOR STEALTH, WHEN CHUCK MAY BE IN DANGER!

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE MY OWN BRASS-STYLE KNUCKLES ON IT--

"UNNH!" STEEL DOORS-- THICKER THAN I THOUGHT.

KTHNNAH

--AND HAND THE REPAIR BILL!

LORD! CHUCK'S HERE, ALL RIGHT--

--AND SO'S JOAN CARTER, WHO USED TO BE BOB'S INTENDED!

THE WAY THESE ELECTRICAL ARCS ARE CRACKLING ABOUT, I MIGHT GET ZAPPED MYSELF BEFORE I COULD CARRY THEM OUT OF HERE--

...SO I'D BETTER
GET RIGHT TO THE
ROOT OF THE
MATTER!

LIKE A SKILLED JEWELER TAPPING
JUST THE CORRECT ANGLE OF A
GEM, ROBOTMAN STRIKES THE
LOOMING DYNAMO WHICH IS THE
HEART AND NERVE CENTER OF THE
LABORATORY WHICH WAS ONCE,
AS WELL, HIS HOME.

NO JEWELER, HOWEVER, EVER SLAMMED
INTO A PRECIOUS DIAMOND WITH ENOUGH
SHEER FORCE TO STOP AN EXPRESS
TRAIN IN ITS TRACKS!

JOAN'S OXAY-- JUST PASSED OUT

YOU ALL
RIGHT, CHUCK?

BOB!? THANK GOD! BUT HOW'D YOU KNOW
WE NEEDED--?

I DIDN'T, OLD BUDDY...

I JUST HAP-
PENED TO BE
IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD

POOR JOAN--
SHE'S HAD IT
ROUGH SINCE
I "DIED" A
COUPLE OF
MONTHS BACK.

SHE'S
ACCEPTED BOB'S
DEATH--AND IT'S
BEST SHE DOESN'T KNOW
HE'S REALLY ALIVE.

OR--IS HE REALLY ALIVE?
THERE'S NOTHING HUMAN
LEFT OF ME--EXCEPT
MY BRAIN.

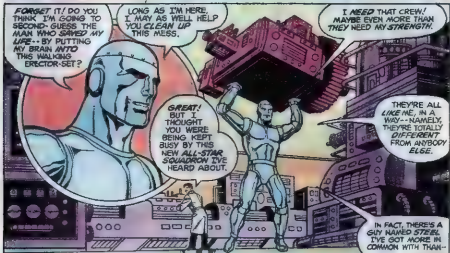
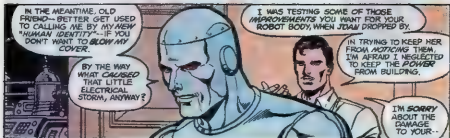
DOES THAT MAKE ME
REALLY WHAT I FEEL LIKE--
JUST A MAN WITH ME-
CHANICAL LIMBS?

--OR AM I ONLY
A MACHINE,
KEEPING ALIVE A
HUMAN ORGAN?

UNTIL I KNOW MYSELF
WHICH I AM--OR TILL
I FIGURE A WAY TO
TRANSPLANT MY
BRAIN INTO ANOTHER
HUMAN
BODY--

--NOBODY MUST
KNOW THE TRAGIC
SECRET OF
ROBOTMAN!

--LEAST OF
ALL, JOAN
CARTER!



YOU'RE PAUL DENNIS, RIGHT? AND DON'T TRY TO DENY IT!

I WASN'T GOING TO--BUT WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?

MY BOSS SAM SLATTERY, THE LAWYER, IS GOING TO COURT TO GET YOUR PAL ROBOTMAN DECLARED A PUBLIC MENACE AND TURNED INTO SCRAP METAL.

WHAT? WHAT'S ROBOTMAN DONE--NOT THAT I KNOW MUCH ABOUT HIM!

DON'T GIVE ME THAT! YOU'VE BEEN SHADOWED MISTER--AND WHERE YOU SHOW UP SO DOES THAT HUNK OF JUNK!

I GET IT NOW! YOUR BOSS IS A PUBLICITY-HAPPY SWYSTER, LOOKING FOR A CAUSE HE CAN RAM DOWN THE PUBLIC'S THROAT.

WAIT HERE, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A MESSAGE FOR HIM!

MOMENTS LATER, TO THE BURLY PROCESS-SERVER'S SHOCK, IT'S NOT PAUL DENNIS WHO EMERGES FROM THE BACK ROOM, BUT--

R-ROBOTMAN--!

SO I'M A HUNK OF JUNK, AND A MENACE TO SOCIETY, AM I?

TAKE ME TO THIS BOSS OF YOURS--RIGHT NOW!

THUS, MINUTES LATER AND AWAY--

I BELIEVE THIS PILE OF GARBAGE IS YOURS, SLATTERY.

SO LONG! SEE YOU IN COURT!

GOOF!S! I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, YOU METAL MONSTER!

*THIS MIGHT BE THE BEST PLACE TO MENTION THAT THESE EVENTS TOOK PLACE IN STAR-SHAGGLED COMICS #15, 1942. WE'LL TELL THE FULL STORY FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, IN FUTURE ISSUES OF ALL-STAR SQUADRON...LOL.

A SWIFT RETURN TO THE LAB, AND...

NOT SMART, RO--ER, PAUL! LOSING YOUR TEMPER JUST HELPS THEIR CASE.

MAYBE, BUT I NEED IT SETTLED, ONCE AND FOR ALL, IF ROBOTMAN IS MAN--OR A MERKE MACHINE.

I MUST KNOW, FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE--AND FOR MY OWN! (16)

SOME HOURS EARLIER,
ABOARD THE FLYING
BOAT BERWICK WHICH
CARRIES WINSTON
CHURCHILL BACK TO
A BELEAGUERED
GREAT BRITAIN...

...THEN YOU'VE NOT
BEEN HOME, SIR
JUSTIN, SINCE YOU
WERE THAWED OUT
OF AN ICEBERG
A FEW MONTHS
AGO?

NAY, MR. PRIME MINISTER.
WHEN I LAST SAW THEM,
DURING THE REIGN OF MY
LIEGE-LORD ARTHUR, THE
BRITISH ISLES WERE A WILD
AND UNTAMED PLACE.

DRAGONS DID
SCORCH THE GREEN
FORESTS... OGRES
AND TROLLS STRUCK
FROM VAST CAVES
HIDDEN BENEATH
THE SOIL.

WELL, MY
FRIEND, I DARE
SAY YOU'LL FIND
ENGLAND A TRIFLE
DIFFERENT, AFTER
1500 YEARS.

YES, I DARE
SAY!



HOW DO YOU
THINK YOUR
HORSE WILL
LIKE IT?

MINE ENCHANTED
STEED WILL SOAR,
I DO WAGER, AS
HE NE'ER HAS SOARED
TILL NOW!

AND WHEN YOU DO,
BRITAIN SHALL HAVE
A HERO AGAIN-- A
HERO TO PALE ANY
SINCE NELSON AND
WELLINGTON!

WHAT OF YOURSELF,
SIR?

YOU ARE
TOO KIND,
BUT--

HOLD! THOSE
BURSTS-- GROWING
LOUDER, MOMENT
BY MOMENT! WHAT--

THEY ARE OUR
SIGNAL THAT WE
ARE APPROACHING
LONDON, AT LAST--

--UNFORTUNATELY, AT THE
SAME TIME THAT
LUFTWAFFE* BOMBERS
HAVE ARRIVED FROM THE
FRENCH COAST FOR THE
NIGHTLY BLITZ!**



** BRITISH TERM FOR INTENSE
AERIAL BOMBING OF THEIR
HOMELAND DURING WORLD WAR
TWO--FROM GERMAN "BLITZKRIEG"
OR "LIGHTNING WAR"--LEN again.

* THE GERMAN AIR
FORCE, --LEN

CONTINUING ON 3RD PAGE TO "STARS"

OUR FELLOWS USUALLY HAVE AIRCRAFT ABANDONED ON THESE THINGS--BUT THIS ONE MUST HAVE SLIPPED BY THEM SOMEHOW.

THEN MY FIRST NIGHT IN MY ANCESTRAL HOMELAND--MUST SEE MY FIRST JOUST WITH THE AIRBORNE FORCES OF NAZI EVIL!

SIR JUSTIN--NO! YOU MUSTN'T RISK YOURSELF--NOT HERE, NOT NOW!

I DID VOW TO BE YOUR PROTECTOR, SIRRAH--YOURS, AND BRITAIN'S.

I GO NOW--TO FULFILL THAT VOW!

FORWARD, WINGED VICTORY!

ACH DU LIEBER! (HEINRICH--DO YOU SEE--?)

MACHT SCHNELL--
(FIRE!)

LIKE A GLEAMING FIGURE OUT OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS OR THE EVEN OLDER MYTHS OF GREECE, THE SHINING KNIGHT HURLS HIMSELF AT THE FOREMOST HEINKEL--TTH--

--AS BULLETS CAREEN FROM BOTH HIS ARMOR AND FROM HIS MOUNT'S FEATHERED FORM, LIKE PEBBLES TOSSED AGAINST A THUNDERING RIGGERHAUT.

MERLIN DID ENCHANT YOU, VICTORY--AYE, AND MYNE ARMOR--EVEN IF HE COULD NOT DO AS MUCH FOR MYNE OWN FLESH.

YET, THE TIME FOR SUCH MAGIC IS MANY CENTURIES PAST, AND A WORLD AWAY.

GOTT
IM
HIMMEL!

'TIS THE
MOMENT
NOW FOR
ATTACK--

--AND FOR VENGEANCE UPON THE RUTHLESS RANGERS OF A PROSTRATE EUROPE!

ITS PROPELLER SHATTERED BY SIR JUSTIN'S INVINCIBLE LANCE, THE BOMBER TUMBLES FROM THE DARKENED SKY...

WITHIN MINUTES, BRITISH FIGHTERS,
ALERTED TO THE GERMAN ASSAULT,
TAKE THEIR PART IN THE GRIM
AERIAL BATTLE,
AS THEY HAVE
SO MANY NIGHTS
AND DAYS BEFORE.

BUT ALREADY,
MORE THAN
ONE GERMAN
BOMBER HAS
SOME SHRIEK-
ING TO A
FIERY GRAVE
UPON THE
ENGLISH
COUNTRYSIDE--

...AND THE SHINING KNIGHT
GLORIES IN A TRIUMPH MORE
MAGNIFICENT THAN ANY EVER
WON IN DAYS OF YORE BY
SALADIN OR LAUNCELOT.

THAT'S SHOWING
EM, LAD! GIVE THE
JERRIES ONE FOR
THIS HIGH-FLYING
IRISHMAN, TOO! *

AS, INSIDE THE BERWICK, AN EXULTANT
PRIME MINISTER CHOMPS DOWN UPON
THE STUB OF
A CIGAR...

...AND REFLECTS
THAT PERHAPS
THE WAR IS
GOING TO BE JUST
A BIT LESS LONELY
FROM THIS NIGHT
FORWARD.

*CAPT. JOHN CECIL KELLY ROGERS OF
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS. --Len

SOME TIME LATER, IN EARLY-MORNING SAN FRANCISCO...

OKAY, LADIES--HERE WE ARE!
THE HOSPITAL WHERE THE LATEST
BOATLOAD OF WOUNDED FROM
PEARL HARBOR WERE TAKEN
YESTERDAY.

HMM...
WONDER IF
I COULD RUN
UP THE SIDE OF
THE PLACE WITH
BOTH OF YOU IN MY
ARMS, OR IF GRAVITY'D
GET ME FIRST.

DON'T EVEN
THINK ABOUT
IT, JOHNNY.

IT'D BE A TOSS-
UP AS TO WHETHER
WE'D ALL THREE
GO SPLAT--OR
WHETHER THAT
SENTRY'D TAKE
A POTSHOT AT
US FIRST.

JUST WISH
DANETTE
WEREN'T SO
CONSUMED WITH
HATRED.

SHE HASN'T
SPOKEN A
WORD SINCE
THAT OUTBURST
BACK ON THE
PLANE.

HUH? YOU WEREN'T
KIDDING ABOUT
MAKING LIKE A
SECOND-STORY
MAN!

YOU REALLY THINK
YOU CAN FLY
SOMETIMES,
DON'T YOU?

THE MAIN
THING IS, I
GOT YOU
BOTH HERE
SAFE AND
SOU--

THE WORDS STICK IN
JOHNNY QUICK'S THROAT.

FOR, THOUGH HE AND HIS FELLOW
ALL-STAR'S MAY INDEED BE "SAFE
AND SOUND," THE VAST ROOM
WHICH THEY HAVE ENTERED AT
RANDOM IS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING
WITH MEN WHO ARE NEITHER.

NOT SINCE DECEMBER 7, 1941...
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO.

GOOD LORD! SO
MANY HURT--SO
MUCH SUFFERING--!

SO PO A
LOT OF
OTHER
PEOPLE,
BELLE.

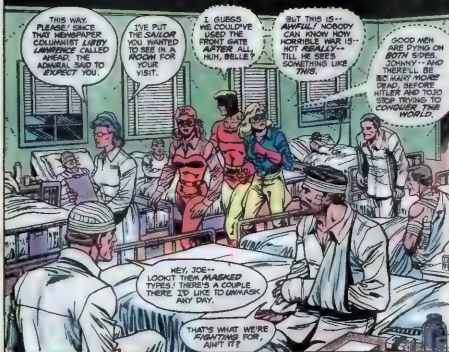
BESIDES,
I MOVED
SO FAST,
NOBODY SAW MORE
THAN A BLUR.

AND
SOMEWHERE
IN THIS SEA OF
HUMAN MISERY--
IS MY BROTHER!

I WAS
GONNA TAKE
PICTURES
FOR MY NEWS-
PHOTOG JOB--
BUT NOW--!

WITHIN MOMENTS, THE COLDLY-CLAD TWO IS ESCORTED BY A NAVAL NURSE THROUGH A SEEMINGLY ENDLESS SERIES OF WARDS WHEREIN LIE MEN WHO, ON THAT FATEFUL SUNDAY MORNING, WERE ON AMERICAN SHIPS WITH NAMES LIKE OKLAHOMA ... WEST VIRGINIA ... CALIFORNIA ... NEVADA ... AND ARIZONA.

FOR EVERY MAN WOUNDED, NEARLY THREE MORE DIED... HALF OF THEM ON THE EXPLODING ARIZONA ALONE... AND THEIR PALLID GHOSTS SEEM TO HAUNT IN THE AIR, ASKING THE UNANSWERABLE QUESTION: WHY?



THIS WAY, PLEASE! SINCE THAT NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST LUBBY LAWRENCE CALLED AHEAD, THE ADMIRAL SAID TO EXPECT YOU.

I'VE PUT THE SAILOR YOU WANTED TO SEE IN A ROOM FOR YOUR VISIT.

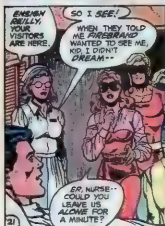
I GUESS WE COULDN'T USE THE FRONT GATE AFTER ALL, HUH, BELLE?

BUT THIS IS-- AWFUL! NOBODY CAN KNOW HOW HORRIBLE WAR IS-- NOT REALLY-- TILL HE SEES SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

GOOD MEN ARE DYING ON BOTH SIDES, JOHNNY-- AND THERE'LL BE SO MANY MORE DEAD, BEFORE HITLER AND TOJO STOP TRYING TO CONQUER THE WORLD.

HEY, JOE-- LOOKT THEM MASKED TYPES! THERE'S A COUPLE THERE I'D LIKE TO UNMASK ANY DAY.

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR, AIN'T IT?



ENSEMBLE REILLY, YOUR VISITORS ARE HERE.

SO I SEE!

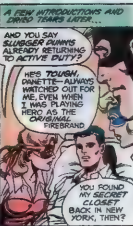
WHEN THEY TOLD ME FIREBRAND WANTED TO SEE ME, KID, I DIDN'T DREAM--

ER, NURSE-- COULD YOU LEAVE US ALONE FOR A MINUTE?



SORRY, SIS-- I NEARLY BLEW IT FOR YOU-- AND I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THIS SECRET-IDENTITY STUFF!

NONE OF IT MATTERS, ROD-- AS LONG AS YOU'RE ALIVE, AND GETTING BETTER!



A FEW INTRODUCTIONS AND DRIED TEARS LATER...

AND YOU SAY SLUGGER DUNN'S ALREADY RETURNING TO ACTIVE DUTY?

HE'S TOUGH, DANETTE-- ALWAYS WATCHED OUT FOR ME, EVEN WHEN I WAS PLAYING HERO AS THE ORIGINAL FIREBRAND

YOU FOUND MY SECRET CLOSET BACK IN NEW YORK, THEN?

I DID--BUT BY THAT TIME, I PICKED UP A SPECIAL POWER OF MY OWN ALONG THE WAY, SEE?

WH--? AMAZING! I ONLY MEANT YOU TO KNOW I'D BEEN FIREBRAND--NOT TO TAKE UP WHERE I LEFT OFF.

I MIGHT'VE KNOWN YOU'D SURPASS ME, THOUGH.

SHE'S A REAL TROOPER, SAILOR.

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN SURPASSING ANYBODY, ROD--JUST IN GETTING EVEN WITH THOSE DIRTY YELLOW SCUM, FOR WHAT THEY DID TO YOU!

MOMMA, SIS! THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE YOU!

YOU WERE ALWAYS TOO SMART FOR THAT KIND OF RACIST TALK.

I KNOW THERE'S A WAR FEVER GRIPPING THE COUNTRY, BUT WE'VE STILL GOT TO--

RACIST!? AFTER YOU AND SLUGGER WERE BOTH NEARLY KILLED--AND TWO THOUSAND OTHER MEN DID DIE--

HOW CAN YOU DEFEND THE JAPS--YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE?



THEY'RE ALL MURDERING, LYING, BACK-STABBING--

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, PANETTE...CAUSE UNFORTUNATELY THAT'S HOW YOU HAVE TO FIGHT A WAR--BY HATING.

I MIGHT EVEN FEEL THE SAME AS YOU--IF NOT FOR WHAT HAPPENED THAT MORNING AT PEARL.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I'M SURE SLUGGER, FAITHFUL EX-CHAUFFEUR AND BODYGUARD THAT HE IS--

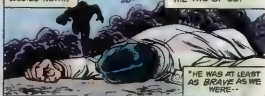
--TOLD YOU HOW HE HURT HIS LEG WHEN ONE OF THE FIRST BOMBS DEMOLISHED OUR JEEP--



--AND HOW I GOT MYSELF STRAFED BY A ZERO COMING BACK FOR HIM.

ARRH!

"WE'D BOTH BE PUSHING UP DAISIES NOW...



"...IF NOT FOR A THIRD GUY WHO RAN AFTER THE TWO OF US.

"HE WAS AT LEAST AS BRAVE AS WE WERE--

--BUT NOT QUITE AS LUCKY.



HE GOT US BOTH TO SHELTER, IN SPITE OF HIS WOUNDS--BUT HE DIED A FEW MOMENTS LATER.





I'M... SORRY, ROD, WAS HE... SOMEONE YOU KNEW?

NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE! HE WAS JUST A SOLDIER AT WHEELER FIELD--HELPING A COUPLE OF FELLOW AMERICANS.

A LOT, DANETTE.

THEN I'M NOT SURE WHAT THAT HAS TO DO WITH--

THAT SOLDIER'S NAME WAS KEN HOSOKAWA.

HE WAS BORN IN CALIFORNIA... BUT BOTH HIS PARENTS WERE BORN IN JAPAN.

AND HE DIED, GIVING HIS LIFE FOR A COUNTRY THAT DENIED THOSE PARENTS CITIZENSHIP.

WELL? STILL THINK THEY'RE ALL "DIRTY YELLOW SCUM"?

THERE ARE FRESH TEARS IN DANETTE REILLY'S EYES AS SHE TURNS TO THE WOMAN CALLED LIBERTY BELLE...

Y-YOU WERE RIGHT, BELLE! CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME, FOR THINKING YOU A FOOL?

I WAS THE FOOL--BLINDED BY HATE, AND THE SMOKE OF WAR--!

THERE'S NOTHING FOR ME TO FORGIVE..

BUT THE NEXT TIME YOU MEET ONE OF THE *WISEY*--THE SECOND GENERATION AMERICANS BORN OF JAPANESE PARENTAGE--YOU MIGHT ASK HIM FOR FORGIVENESS--

--FOR THE PREJUDICES MANY OTHER AMERICANS ARE HEARING ON HIM, JUST BECAUSE OF HIS SKIN COLOR.

I ONLY HOPE HE ISN'T TOO BLINDED BY HATRED TO FORGIVE YOU.



UH, I'M SORRY, BUT YOU THREE WILL HAVE TO--

WE WERE JUST GOING, NURSE.

I'LL JOIN YOU... IN A SECOND!

ROD, I WAS GOING TO GO BACK TO NEW YORK WITH JOHNNY AND BELLE IN A FEW DAYS, BUT--

DO IT, SIS! I'VE BEEN READING ABOUT THIS NEW ALL-STAR SQUADRON, AND I THINK IT CAN DO A LOT MORE THAN JUST SINK A FEW AXIS SUBS.

HELP MAKE IT A FORCE NOT JUST FOR AMERICA IN THE WORLD--



--BUT A FORCE FOR GOOD!

I WILL, ROD. I PROMISE YOU I WILL.



AND, IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL:

THERE'S THE NEW
JEFFERSON MEMORIAL--
BUT I'M SURE RUNNING
LATE.

MARY JAMES SAID
SHE'D MEET ME THERE,
BUT F.R.R. WANTED TO
SAY GOOD-BYE, AND HE'S
A HARD GUY TO SAY NO TO.

'COURSE,
I COULD
ALWAYS TELL
MARY THAT HER
SOMETIME BEAU
HAD TO CLEAN
UP AFTER
FALA...

...BUT THEN
SHE MIGHT
WONDER WHAT
A LOWLY ARMY
PRIVATE IS DOING
WITH THE PRESIDENT
AND HIS PET
TERRIER.

MARY!
OVER HERE!

AL PRATT, HOW DARE YOU
SCARE ME HALF TO DEATH
BY BEING SO LATE!

I THOUGHT THEY
HAD SHIPPED YOU
OUT ALREADY, AND
YOU COULDN'T EVEN
MEET ME TO SAY
GOOD-BYE AFTER
I CAME ALL THE
WAY FROM--

SLOW DOWN, GIRL! I'M
HERE NOW, OR HADN'T YOU
NOTICED?

I DON'T HAVE A
LOT OF TIME--BUT
LET'S GO PAY OUR
RESPECTS TO OLD
TOM'S STATUE,
HUM?

I STILL DON'T SEE WHY
YOU HAD TO ENLIST! WHY,
A BOY YOUR AGE MIGHT
NOT EVEN BE DRAFTED
BEFORE--

THE
MAN UP
THERE
SAID IT,
MARY:

"I HAVE SWORN
UPON THE ALTAR
OF GOD ETERNAL
HOSTILITY AGAINST
EVERY FORM OF
TYRANNY OVER THE
MIND OF MAN."

JUST PROMISE
ME YOU'LL
COME HOME
SAFELY, AL...
OKAY?

I'M PLANNING
TO, MARY...
I'M PLANNING
TO!

BUT WHILE THE REST
OF THE JSA-ERS AND
I ARE GONE-- I WONDER
WHAT THIS NEW ALL-STAR
SQUADRON WILL BE UP
TO, HERE ON THE
HOME FRONT...?

NEXT ISSUE:
OF ALL PEOPLE--

The JUSTICE LEAGUE!
(BUT FIRST BE SURE
TO READ THE PREMIERE
CHAPTER OF THE JLA/JSA/
ALL-STAR TRIPLE TEAM-UP
THAT BEGINS IN JLA #207!)

ALL-STAR COMMENTS

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NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

INTRODUCTORY NOTE: Last issue, we said we'd use this month's letters page for comments on ALL-STAR SQUADRON #8-9, which brought the hero we now call Commander Steel into contact with the amazing All-Stars. Despite a very low "nay" votes, the reaction of Dynamic DC's readers was for the most part wildly positive, so you'll definitely be seeing more of him. After all, as editor Len Wein put it, "What's a World War Two super-group without a hero or two dressed in red, white, and blue?" The original Justice Society had Wonder Woman (by mid-1942, at least)—the Seven Soldiers of Victory had the Star-Spangled Kid—and we've got Commander Steel! Now, on to a random sampling of your missives on issues #8-9:

ALL-STAR SQUADRON is fast becoming one of my favorite comic: right now, it's fourth in line right behind THE NEW TEEN TITANS, JUSTICE LEAGUE, and LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES. I hope Steel becomes a permanent All-Star. Robotman is my favorite member, so I want to know—Which is stronger, Robotman or Steel? (We dunno—but stick around!—R.T.)

Tony Hartgrove
728 Goldfloss St.
Winston-Salem, NC 27107

As for the new All-Star Squadron (or, as my friends call it, the Poor Man's INVADERS), you've now made the team complete with Steel, the Indestructible Man. In this issue, not one of DC's original JSAs is shown except Hawkgirl, and she is questionable. You now have a book of complete second-stringers and none of the JSAs! I want the Justice Society or Battalion or whatever back in ALL-STAR SQUADRON! (And you'll get them! Keep watching.—R.T.)

Albert F. Reichenback
5318 S. Neenah Av.
Chicago, IL 60638

Dear Germany, Italy, and Japan: GIVE UP!! You have no chance of winning! For decades you guys have been fighting our lightweight forces such as Sgt. Rock, the Losers, and the Unknown Soldier. Now we're sending in the Big Guns—the ALL-STAR SQUADRON! Let's face it, if editors like Len Wein can use second-hand material like Gerry Conway and Don Heck's previously-unpublished story from STEEL #6 and make it blend in perfectly with a Roy Thomas/Adrian Gonzales/Jerry Ordway frame, you guys have no chance at all. I mean, if all you creeps can put up against us is Kung, the Black Assassin, and Baron Blitzkrieg, you're in big trouble! Surrender now and we'll go easy on you.

Steve Jones
(No Address Given)

Steel is an interesting character, but frankly I don't want him to be a permanent member... just an occasional guest star. For that matter, I don't really want any "permanent" members.

Jeff Peckham
503 Marbat Hall
Kansas State U.
Manhattan, KS 66506

In ALL-STAR SQUADRON #8 we finally got to see Steel. I read a couple of the old STEEL mags but never really got interested in the character. That's all changed now. I'm anxious to see what happened during those missing two years

of Steel's life. It was absolutely amazing how Roy wrote his story around Gerry Conway's; they fit together perfectly.

T.W. Riffle
Rt. 3, Box 153
Bridgeport, W. Va. 26330

I must say I'm enjoying ALL-STAR SQUADRON much more than I thought I would. The stories all have an historic feel to them, as if they actually happened forty years ago, and the art has been phenomenal. Rich, Adrian, and Jerry have given the book a truly distinctive realism that sets the book apart from most other comics. But Roy, in the first nine issues, do you realize that only three weeks have passed? Tight continuity is one thing, but if this pace keeps up, the All-Stars are going to drop dead in their tracks from exhaustion! I realize that things were insanely hectic in the weeks immediately after Pearl Harbor, but for the health of our heroes, a day off here and there wouldn't be too terribly out of the question. (How about this issue?—R.T.)

Bob Lackey
203 West Tower
Ithaca College
Ithaca, NY 14850

The return of Steel! At last! ALL-STAR SQUADRON #8 was a landmark issue in a landmark series. After more than two years, you've brought one of my favorite characters back from obscurity. As you can imagine, I'm enthusiastically in favor of Steel being a permanent All-Star!

Gregg Stamey, Jr.
21 Hampton Heights
Carleton, NC 28716

The thing that turns me on is your thorough research of the "time era," in which the stories take place. It really shows sometime! For example, in #9, you correctly portrayed the old Canadian flag carrying the Union Jack; and being a Canadian myself, it's enlightening to know that some Americans remember it!

Ken Loo
(No Address Given)

Some of our readers might be interested to know there was a considerable comic-book industry in Canada during World War Two, mainly because of the import ban the Canadian government placed on "non-essential items." From 1940 to 1946 such Canadian characters as Johnny Canuck, Nehalem of the Northern Lights, the Wing, the Penguin (not to be confused with Batman's arch-rival), the Invisible Commando, and many others fought the power of the Axis at home and abroad, in much the same way the American super-heroes did.

Mark Shanblum
5706 Marmine Rd.
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

A PARTING POSTSCRIPT: Roy, Adrian, and Jerry decided to try an unusual, almost-no-real-action issue after all the multi-parters lately... just to let our halcyon heroes catch up on their personal lives, which after all go on even during a war. But the guys are just shifting gears—because they (along with a couple of other stalwarts) have a virtual saga coming your way in the next few months!

Under the aegis of Len Wein (who edits both JUSTICE LEAGUE and ALL-STAR SQUADRON), Dynamic DC is proud to present—starting in issues on sale a very few weeks from now—the twentieth annual team-up of the Justice League and the legendary Justice Society of America. This year, though, a third super-group has been added to the fray—we'd give you its initials, but this is a Comics Code-approved mag, after all! Suffice it to say that this fabulous five-part epic starts in JLA #207, continues in ALL-STAR SQUADRON #14, and goes on from there. Reserve your copies (and your scorecards, 'cause you'll need 'em) now, 'cause they're likely to go like hotcakes (or maybe hero sandwiches!)

—Roy Thomas